



5.
L V C R E C E.
by W. Shakespeare.



AT LONDON,
Printed by N. O. for Iohn Ha-
rison. 1607.



TO T
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not the
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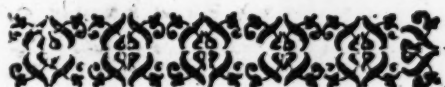
TO THE RIGHT HONOVRA-
BLE, HENRY WRIOTHES-
ley, Earle of Southhampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.



HE Loue I dedicate to your
Lordship is without end: wher-
of this Pamphlet without be-
ginning is but a superfluous
Moitie. The warrant I haue of
your Honourable disposition,
not the worth of my vntutord lines makes it
assured of acceptance. What I haue done is
yours, what I haue to do is yours, beeing part
in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth
greater, my duery should shew greater, meane
time, as it is, it is bound to your Lord-
ship; To whome I wish long life
still lengthened with all
happinesse.

*Your Lordships in all
duetie,*

William Shakespeare



THE ARGV- MENT.

LVcius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after hee had caused his owne father in law Seruius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrarie to the Romaine lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdom: went accompanied with his sonnes and other notable men of Rome, to besiege Ardea, during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius the Kings sonne in their discourses after supper, euery one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastitie of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all passed to Rome, and intending by their secret and sodaine arrivall, to make tryall of that which euery one had before auouched, onely Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other Ladies were all found

The Argument.

found dauncing and reueling, or in severall disports. whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinius the victorie, and his wife the same. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enslaved with Lucrece beautie, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe. from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently ravish her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastie dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall suddainlie stabbed her selfe. Which done with one consent, they all vowed to roote out the whole hated familie of the Tarquins: & bearing the dead bodie to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed:

with

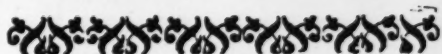
The Argument.

*with a bitter inclination against the tyranny of the
King, wherewith the people were so mooued
without his consent, and a generall acclamati-
on, the Tarquins were all exiled,
and the State government,
changed from Kings
to Consuls.*

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THE RAPE OF LV-
CRECE.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire, (host,
Lust breathed TARQVIN, leaves the Romain
And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the wast,
Of COLATINES faire loue, LVCRECE the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste, vnhaply set
This batelesse edge on his keene appetite:
When COLATINE vnwisely did not let,
To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,
Which triumpht in that skie of his delight:
Where mortall stars as bright as heauens beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar ducties.

For he the night before in Tarquins tent,
Vnlockt the treasure of his happie state:
What priselesse wealth the heauens had him lent,
In the possession of his beauteous mate.
Reckning his fortune at such high proud rate,
That Kings might be espowled to more fame,
But King nor Prince to such a peerlesse dame.

O happinesse enioyd but of a few,
And it possest as soone decayed and done:
As is the mornings siluer melting dew,
Against the golden splendour of the Sunne,
An expir'd dore cancelld ere well begonne,
Honour and beaurie in the owners armes,
Are weakeliest orrell from a world of harmes.

OF LVCRECE.

Beautie it selfe doth of it selfe perswade
The eyes of men without an Orator,
What needeth then Apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher

Of that rich iewel he should keepe unknowne,
From the euill eares because it is his owne?

Perchance his boast of LVCRECE Sou'raignie,
Suggested this proud issue of a King:
For by our eares our hearts oft tainted be,
Perchance that enuie of so rich a thing
Brauing compare, disdainfully did sing.

His high pitcht thoughts that meane men should (vane,
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some vntime ly thought did instigate,
His all too tinckle speede, if none of those,
His honor, his afaire, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes,
To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.

O rash false heare, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hastie spring still blasts and n'er growes old.

When at Colatia this false Lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the Romaine dame,
Within whose face beautie and vertue strued,
Which of them both should vnderprop her tame.
When vertue brag'd, Beautie would blush for shame,
When beautie boasted blusht, in despight
Vertue would staine that ore with siluer white.

But beaurie in that white iniured,
From Venus doves doth challenge that faire field,
Then vertue claimes from beaurie, beauries red,
Which vertue gaue the golden age, to guild
Their siluer checker, and cald it then their shield,

Teach.

THE RAPE

Teaching them thus to vie it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This Herauldry in L v c a s a face was scene,
Argued by beauties red and vertues white,
Of eithers colour was the other Queene:
Prouing from worlds minoritie their right,
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
The soueraigntie of eithet being so great,
That oft they interchange ech others seat.

This silent warre of Lillies and of Roses,
Which Tarquin viewd in her faire faces field,
In their pure ranks his traytor eye enclodes,
Where least betweene them both it should be kild,
The coward captiue vanquished, doth yeld
To those two armies that would let him goe,
Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husbands shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigall that praise her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which farre exceeds his barren skill to show.
Therefore that praise which Colatine doth owe,
Inchanted tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly faire adored by this Diuell,
Little suspecteth the false worshippinger:
"For vnstaind thoughts do seldom dreame on euil.
"Birds neuer limbd, no secret bushes feare:
So guiltlesse shee securely giues good cheare,
And reuerend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in pleats of Maiestie:
That nothing in him seemd inordinate,

THE RAPE

Sauz sometime too much wonder of his eie,
Which hauing all, all could not satisfie;
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
that cloyd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that neuer copt with straunger eies,
Could pick no meaning from their parling! lookes,
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies,
Writ in the glasse margents of such bookes,
Shew touch no vaine swaine baits, nor feard no bookes,
Nor could she moralize his wanton fight,
More then his eies were open to the light.

He stories to her eares her husband's fame,
Worne in the fields of fruitfull Italie;
And decks with prayes Colatines high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalrie,
With bruised armes and wreaths of victorie:
Her ioy with heaued-vp hand she doth expresse,
and wordlesse so greets heauen for his successe.

Far from the purpose of this coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there,
No cloudie shrow of stormie blustering wether,
Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,
till sable nig'it mother of dread and feare,
Vppon the world dim darknesse doth display,
and in her vaulty prison, stowes the day.

For then is tarquin brought vnto his bed,
I wearing weary life with heavy sprites;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night,
Now leaden slumber with lins strength doth fight,
And quere one to rest themselves beake, (wake.
Sue theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that

As one of which doth Tarquin lie resolving

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OF LVCRECE.

The sundrie dangers of his wils obtaining:
 Yet euer to obtaine his will resoluing.
 Though weake-built hopes perswade him to abstaining
 Dispaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,
 And when great treasure is the meede proposed,
 Though death be aduanc'd, ther's no death supposed.

Those that much couet are with gaine so fond,
 That what they haue not, that which they possesse
 They feare to and vnloose it from their bond,
 And to by hoping more they haue but lesse,
 Or gaining more, the profit of excesse
 Is but to surter, and such griefs sustaine,
 That they proue bankrupt in this poore rich gain.

The ayme of all is but to curse the life,
 With honor, wealth, and ease in wayning age:
 And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:
 As life for honour, in fell battails rage,
 Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leane to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect:
 And this ambitious soule infects,
 In hauing much torments vs with defect
 Of that we haue: so then we do neglect
 The thing we haue and all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doing T A R Q V I N make,
 Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust,
 And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake:
 Then where is truth if there be no false trust?
 When shall he think to finde a stranger trust,
 When he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betraies,

THE RAPE

To scandalous songes, & wretched hatefull daies;

New stre upon the time the dead of night,
When heauie sleepe had clos'd up mortall eyes,
No comforteable starre did lend his light,
No noyse but Owles, and wolues death boding cries:
Now serues the season that they may surprize
The sillic Lambs, pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and Murder wakes to staine and kill.

And now this lustfull Lord leaps from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,
Is madly tost betwene desire and deed;
Th'one sweetly flatters, th'other feareth harme,
But honest feare, bewitcht with lusts foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Heaten away by brainesick rude desire.

His Faulchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire doe flie,
Wherewith a waxen torch forth with he lighteth,
Which must be lodestone to his lustfull eye,
And to the flame thus speaks aduisedly;
As from this cold flint I enterst this fire,
So L V C A N A, must I force to my desire.

Heere pale with feare he doth premeditate
The dangers of his lodesome enterpriser
And in his inward mind he doth debate,
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornefully, he doth despise,
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
and iustly thus controlls his rougher vniust.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
and die with allowed thoughts, before you blow
With your vncleanesse, that which is diuine!

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OF LYCRECH.

Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let faire humanity abhor the deede, (wood
that spots and staines loues modest snow-white

O shame to knighthood, and to shining armes,
O fowle dishonor to my households graue:
O impious act including all foule harmes,
A martiall man to be soft fancies slave,
True valour still a true respect should haue,
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yes though I die the scandall will suruiue,
and be an eye-sore in my golden coate:
Some loathsome dash the Herald will contriue,
To cipher me how fondly I did dore:
That my posterity shame with the note
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,
To wish that I their father had not bene.

What winne I if I gaine the thing I lecke?
a dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy,
Who buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?
Or sells eternitie to get a toy?
For one sweete grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,
Would with the scepter straight be stricken downe?

If Colatinus dreame of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperat rage
Post hither this vile purpose to prauent?
This siege that hath hurt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrowe to the sage,
This dying vertue, this suruiuing shame,
Whose crime wil beare an euer-during blame.

O what excuse can my inuention make
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deede:

THE RAPE

Will not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioynts shake?
Mine eyes forgoe their light, my false heart bleede?
The guilt being great: the feare doth still exceede;
and extreame feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die,

Had Collatinus kild my sonne or fire
Or laine in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this desire
Might haue excuse to worke vpon his wife:
As in reuenge or quitallof such strife.
But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is, if the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,
He beg her loue: but she is not her owne:
The worl is but deniall and reproouing.
My wil is strong, past reasons weak remoouing:
Who feares a sentence or an old mans law.
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus graceless hold he dispensation,
Tweene frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation;
Vrging the weaker sence for vantage still.
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so farre proceede,
That what is vile, he waxes like a vertuous deede.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the hand,
and gazd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Feeling some hard newes from the warlike band,
where her beloued Colatinius lies.
O how her feare did make her colour risel
First red as Roses that on Lawne we lay,
then white as Lawne the Roses tooke away.

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OF LYCRECE.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare:
Which strooke her sad, and then a faster rocke,
Vntill her husbands welfare she did heare.
Whereat she smiled with so sweete a cheere,
That had N A A S I S scene her as the flood,
Selfe loue had neuer drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All Orators are dumbe when beautie pleadeth,
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses,
Loue thrives not in the heart that shadowes dreadeth,
Affection is my Captaine and he leadeith.
And when this gaudie banner is displaide,
The coward fights, and will not be dismayde.

Then childish feare assunt, debating die,
Respect and Reason waite on wrinkled age:
My heart shall neuer countermand mine eye;
Sad Pause and deepe Regard befitmes the sage,
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.
Desire my pilot is, Beantie my prize,
Then who feares sinking where rich treasure lies.

As corne ore-growne by weeds, so heedfull feare
Is almost ebb'd by vnresist'd lust.
Away he flees with open listning eare,
Full of foule hope, and full of fond mistrust
Both which asseruors to the vnioist,
So crosse him with their opposit persuasion,
That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfe same seat sits COLLATINE,
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholds, as more diuine,
Vnto a view so false will not incline,

But

THE RAPE

But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart;
Which once corrupted, takes the worse part.

And therein hartens vp his scruile powers,
Who flattered by their leaders iocund show,
Stuffe vp his lust, as minutes fill vp houres.
And as their Captaine, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more flauish tribute then they owe.
By reprobates desire thus madly led
The Romane Lord marcheth to L V C R E C I A bed.

The locks betweene her chamber and his will,
Ech one by him enforst, retires his ward,
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping theefe to some regard.
The threshold grates the doore to haue him heard.
Night-wandering Weezles shreake to see him there,
They fright him, yet he still pursues his feare.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The wind warres with his torch to make him stay,
And blowes the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case.

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch,

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucrecias gloue, wherein her needle sticks,
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who should say this gloue to wanton tricks
Is not iniur'd; returne againe in hast,
Thou seest our Mistresse ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore forbiddinges could not stay him,
He in the worst sense construes their deniall:
The doores, the wind, the gloue that did delay't m,

OF LVCRECE.

He takes for accidentall things of triall.
Or as those barres which stop the houely diall:
Who with a lingring stay his course doth let,
Till euery minute payes the houre his debt.

So so quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To ad a more reioycing to the prime,
And gine the sinaped birds more cause to sing.
Paine payes the income of ech precious thing, (sands
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirats, theues and
The marchant feares ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,
That shuts him from the heauen of his thought,
Which with a yeelding latch, and with no more,
Hath bard him from the blessed thing he fought.
So from himselfe impietie hath wrought,
That for his pray to pray he doth begin,
As if the beaues should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his vnfuitfull prayer,
Hauing sollicitd th' eternall power,
That his soule thoughts might compasse his fair faire,
And they would stand auspicious to the howre,
Euen there he starts quoth he, I must deslouer
the powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then loue and fortune be my Gods my guide,
My will is backe with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
The blackest sinne is clea'd with absolution.
Against loues fire, feares frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heauen is our and mystie night
Covers the shame that follows sinners delight.

This said his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,

B

And

THE RAPE

And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The done sleeps fast that this night Owle will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espyed:
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she found sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the merke of his mortall sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet vnstained bed:
The curtaine being close, about he walkes,
Rouling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
By their high treason is his heart misled,
Which giues the watch-word to his hand full soone;
To draw the cloud that hides the silver Moone.

Looke as the faire and fierie pointed Sunne,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaues our sight:
Euen so the curtaine drawne, his eies begun
To wirke, being blinded with a greater light.
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
that dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed,

O had they in that dar kelome prison died,
then had they seene the period of their ill;
Then Colatina againe by Lucrece side,
In his cleare bed might haue reposed still:
But they must open this blessed league to kill:
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their fight,
Must sel her ioy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her lillie hand her rose cheeke he lies vnder,
Cooling the pillow of a lewd kiss;
Who therefore angry seemes to part in funder,
Swelling on either side to want his blisse,
Betwixt whose hills her head intomb'd is;
Where like a verrinous monument she lies.

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OF LVCKE.

To be admir'd of lewde vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed, her other faire hand was,
On the greene counterlet, whose perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazle on the grasse,
With pearly sweet, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darknesse sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like golden threads playd with her breath,
O modest wantons, wanton modesty!
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's discoloure in life's mortality.
Each in her sleepe themselves so beautified,
As if betwene them twaine there were no fit rife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like iuorie globes circled with blew,
A paire of mayden worlds vnconquered.
Saucy of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in T A R Q V I N new ambition bred,
Who like a foule vsurper went about,
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.
With more then admiration he admired
Her azure vaines, her alabaster skinne,
Her corall lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion saw nath ore his pray,
Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:
So ore this shewing soule durst T A R Q V I N stay,
His rage of lusty gazing qualified.

THE RAPE

Slack't, nor suppress, for standing by her side,
His eye which late this mutine restraines,
Vnto a greater vpror tempers his vaines.

And they like stragling slaues for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals sell exploits effecting
In bloody death and ranshment delighting,
Nor childrens teares, nor mothers groanes respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating heart alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheeres vp his burning eye.
His eye commends the leading to his hand:
His hand as proud of such a dignitie,
Smoaking with pride, marcht on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the hart of al her land;
Whole ranks of blew vaines as his hand did scale,
Left their round nurrets destitute and pale.

They mustring to the quiet Cabiner,
Where their deare gouernesse and Lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
She much amaz'd breaks ope her lockt vp eyes,
Who peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull sleepe by dreadfull fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some gashie sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every ioynt a shaking.
What terror tis that she in wofull taking,
From sleepe disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand feares,
Like to a new-kild bird the trembling leaseth

She

OF LVCRECE.

She dares not looke yet winking there appears
Quick shifting Apriques vgly in her eyes.
Such shadows are the weaker braines forgeries
Who angry that the eyes flie from their lights,
In darknesse daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand that yett remains vpon her brest,
(Rude Ram to barter such an iuofy wall)
May feele her heart (poore Citizen) distressed,
Wounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall:
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.
This moues in him more rage and lesse pittie.
To make the breach and enter this sweete Citie.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin,
To sound a party to his hartlesse foe,
Who ore the white sheete pcees her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarme to know,
Which he by dumbe demeanour seekes to show:
But she with vehement prayers vrgeth still,
Vnder what colour he commits this ill?

Thus he replies the colour in thy face,
That euen for anger makes the Lillie pale,
And the red Rose blush at her owne disgraces
Shal plead for me, and tell my louing tale.
Vnder that colour am I come to scale
Thy neuer-conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestal thee, if thou meane to chide,
Thy beautie hath insinuat d thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my wil abide,
My will that markes thee for my earthis delight,
which I to conquer fought with all my might,
But as reproofe and reason bear it dead,
By thy bright beauty it was newly beed.

THE RAPE.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
I know what thornes the growing roie defends,
I think the honey garded with a sting,
All this before hand counsell comprehends,
But will is deaf, and heares no heedful friends,
Only he hath an eye to gaze on Beaulke,
And dotes on what he lookes, gainst law or duty.

I haue debated euen in my soule,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shal breed.
But nothing can affections course controule,
Or stop the headlong furie of his speed,
I know repentant teares insue the deed,
Reproch disdaine, and deadly enmitie,
Yet strue I to embrace mine infamie.

This said, he shakes aloft his Romane blade,
Which like a Faulcon tow:ing in the skies,
Coucheth the fowle below with his wings shade,
Whose crooked beake threatens, if he mount he dies.
So vnder his insulting Fauchion lies
Harmelesse Lucretia, marking what he tels,
With trembling feare, as foule beare Falcons be h.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enioy thee,
If thou deny, then force must work my way:
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthlesse slave of thine Ile slay,
To kill thine honour with thy liues decay:
And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,
Swearing I slew him seeing thee embrace him.

So thy forniuing husband shal remaine
Z be scornetull mark of euery open eye,
Z thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdaine,
Thy issue blurd with namelesse bastardy,
And thou the Author of their obloquie,

Shalt

OF LVCRECE.

Shalt haue thy trespasse cited vp in rimes,
and sung by children in succceeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,
The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted,
A little harue done to a great good end,
For lawfull pollicie remains enacted,
The poysonous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound, being so applyed,
His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens sake,
Tender any suit, bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no deuile can take,
The blemish that wil neuer be forgot:
Worse then a slauiſh wive, or birth-houres blot:
For markes defcried in mens naturine
Are Natures faults, not their owne infamie.

Here with a Cockatrice dead-killing eye,
He roweth vp himſelfe, and makes a pause,
While ſhe the picture of pure pietie,
Like a white hund vnder the gripes ſharpe clawes,
Pleads in a wildern eſſe where are no lawes,
To the rough beaſt, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obeyes but his foule appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dym miſt the aſpiring mountaine: hiding,
From earths darke womb ſome gentle gult doth get,
Which blow theſe pichy vapours from their biding:
Hindring their preſent fall by this diuiding.
So his vnhalloved haſte her words delayes,
and moody Pluto winks while Orpheus playes.

Yet foule night waking Cat he doth but dally,
While in his hold-faſt rooſt the weake mouse panteih.
neriad behaviour feeds his vulture Polly,

THE RAPE

A swallowing gu'te that euen in plenty wanteth,
His eare her prayers admitts, but his hart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her playning, (ning
Teares harden lust, though marble weare with raig,

Her pittie-pleading eies are sadly fixed
In the remorselesse wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,
Which to her Oratorie ads more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She coniures him by high Almighty Ioue,
By Knighthood, gentrie, and sweet friendships oath,
By her vniuely teares, her husbands loue,
By holy humane law, and common troth,
By heauen and earth, and all the power of both:
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoope to Honor, not to foule desire.

Quoth she, reward not Hospitallitie,
With such black payment, as thou hast pretended.
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drink to thee;
Maie not the thing that cannot be amended:
End thy il ayme, before thy shoote be ended.
He is no Wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poore vnseasonable Doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,
Thy selfe art mightie, for thine owne sake leaue me:
My selfe a weakling, do not then inlure me.
Thou look'st not like deceipt, do not deceiue me,
My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heaue thee:
If euer man were mou'd with womans mones,
Be moued with my teares, my sighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,

Beare

OF LVCRECE.

Beat at thy rockie, and wrack-threatning heart,
To soften it with their continuall motion:
For stones dissolvd, to water do conuert,
O if no harder then a stone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
Soft pity enters at an yron gate.

In TARQUINS likenesse I did entertaine thee,
Hast thou put on his shape, to do him shame?
To all the hoste of heauen I complaine me.
Thou wrongst his honor, woundst his princely name
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King:
For kings like Gods should gouerne every thing.

How wilt thy shame be feedd in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage.
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembred, no outrageous thing
From vassall actors can be wipt away,
Then Kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deede will make thee onely lou'd for feare,
But happy Monarchs still are feard for loue:
With foule offenders thou perforce must beare,
When they in thee the like offences proue:
If but for feare of this, thy will remove.
For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
Where subiects eyes do learne, do reade, do looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discern
Authoritie for sinne, warrant for blame?
To priuiledge dishonour in thy name.
Thou back'st reproch against long liuing laud,
And mak'st faire Reputation but a baul.

THE RAPE

Hast thou commaund'd by him that gaue it thee
From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will:
Draw not thy sword to gard inuizible,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kil.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill?
When pertrud by thy fault, to rule sinne may say,
He leard to sinne, and thou didst teach the way.

Think but how vile aspectacle it wete:
To view thy present trespass in another:
Mens faults do seldom to themselves appeare,
Their owne transgressions partially they know:
This guilt would seeme death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their owne misdeeds askeance their cies!

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,
Not to seducing lust thy rash reyer:
I sue for exild maiesties repaale,
Let him returne and flactring thoughts retire.
His true respect wil prison false desire,
and wipe the dim mist from thy dotting cien.
That thou shalt see thy state and pittie mine.

have done quoth he, my vncontrolled tide
Turns not but swells the higher by this let.
Small lightes are soone blowne out, huge fires abide,
and with the winde in greater furie fret:
The pettie streames that pay a daily debt
to their false soueraigne with their fresh fals haile,
adde to this flows but alter not his tast.

Thou art quoth thee, a sea a soueraigne king,
and loe there fals into thy boundlesse flood:
Black lust, dishonor, shame, misgouerning,
Who seek to staine the Ocean of thy blood.
If all these pettie ils shall change thy good,

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OF LVCRECE.

Thy sea within a puddles wombe is herfed,
And not the puddle in thy sea disperfed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave,
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified:
Thou their faire life, and they thy fouler grant:
Thou sorhed in their shame, they in thy pride.
The kisser thing should not the greater hide.

The Cedar stoops not to the base shrubs foote,
But low shrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy slave.
No more, quoth he, by heauen I wil not beare thee.
Yield to my love, it not, enforced hate,
In steed of loves coy touch shall rudely teare thee
That done, delphightfully I n eane to beare thee
Vnto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doome.

This said, he sets his foote vpon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,
When most vnseene, then most doth tyrannize.
The Wolf hath seaz'd his pray, the poore lamb cries
Til with her owne whine fleece her voice controld,
Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly linnen that she weaves,
He pens her pious clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chafest teares,
That euer modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O that prone lust should staine to pure a bed,
The spots whereof could weeping purifie,
Her teares should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing then life,
And he hath won what he would loose againe,
This forced league doth force a further strife,

This

THE RAPE

This momentarie ioy breeds moneths of paine,
This hot desire conuerts to cold disdain;
Pure chastitie is rifled of her store,
And lust the theefe farre poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed hound, or gorged Hawke,
Vnsat for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether bauke,
The pray wherein by nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking T A R Q V I N fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion fowring,
Deuours his wil, that liu'd by foule deuouring.

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit
Can comprehend in stil imaginatiō
Drunken Desire must vomite his receipt,
Ere he can see his owne abomination.
While lust is in his pride no exclamation.
Can curbe his heate, or reine his rash desire,
Till like a lade, selfe-wil him selfe doth ure:

And then with lanke and leane discolour'd cheeke,
With heauie eye, knit brow, and strengthlesse pace,
Feeble desire all recreant, poore and meeke,
Like to a bankrout begger wailes his case:
The flesh beeing proud, Desire doth fight with grace;
For there it reuels, and when that decaies,
The guiltie rebel for remission prayes.

So fares it with this fault-ful Lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly cha'd,
For now against himselfe he founds this doome,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides his soules faire temple is defaced,
To whose weake ruines mutter troopes of cares,
To aske the spotted Princeesse how she fares.
She saies her subiects with foule insurrection,

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OF LVCRECE.

haue batterd downe her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subiection
her immortalitie, and made her thrall
To liuing death and paine perpetuall.

Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their wil.

Euen in this thought through the dark night he steales
A captiue victor that hath lost in gaine:
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scarre that wil despight of Cure remaine,
Leauing his spoyle perplex in greater paine,
She beares the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty minde.

he like a theeuish dog creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied Lamb lies panting there:
He scowles, and hates himselfe for his offence,
She desperate, with her nailes her flesh doth teare,
he faintly flies, sweating with guilty feare;
She staies, exclaýming on the direful night,
he runnes, and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

she thence departs a heauie conuertite,
She there remains a hoptlesse cast away:
he in his speed lookes for the morning light:
She prayes she neuer may behold the day
For day, quoth she, nights scapes doth open lay,
And my true eies haue neuer practizd how
to cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see,
The same disgrace which they themselues behold:
And therefore would they still in darknesse be,
To haue their vnseene sinne remaine vtold.
For they their guilt with weeping wil vnfold,
And graue, like water that doth eate in Steele,
Vpon my cheeks, what helplesse shame I feele.

THE RAPE

Hence she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind,
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may finde
Some purer chest, to clofe so pure a mind.
Franklin with griefe thus breathes the forth her spight
Against this yulcanic secretie of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of hell,
Dim register, and notarie of shame,
Black stage for tragedies, and murtherers fel,
Vault for concealing Chaos notarie of blame,
Blind muffled bawd, darke harbor for defame,
Grim cause of death, whispering conspirator,
With close-tong'd treason, and the ravisher,

O hateful vap'rous and foggie night,
Since thou art guilty of my carelesse crime:
Muster thy myits to meete the Easterne light,
Make warre against proportion'd course of time,
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to come
his wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head,

with rotten damps raiue the morning ayre,
Let their exhal'd vapors close breaths make sick,
The life of purity, the supreme sake,
Ere hee ride his weary moonside prick.
And let thy mistie vapors march so thick,
That in their smothered rankes his smothered light
May set at noone and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin in the place of this base child,
The silver lining Othello he would distaine,
Her twinkling handmaids to by him deuide,
Thro' the night in black bold minde, not peep againe,
So should I have copartner in my mine.

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OF LVCRECH.

And fellow ship in wee doth wee assuage,
As Pilgrims chat whiles short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To crosse their armes and hang their heads with mine,
To make their browes and hide their infamie,
But I alone, alone must stand and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showres of silver brine,
Mingling my talks with teares, my griefe with groanes
Poore wailing monuments of lasting moenes.

O night thou furnace of foule reeking smoke,
Let not the ialous day behold that face,
Which vnderneath thy black all-hiding cloze
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.
Keepe still possession of thy gloomie place,
That all the foules which in thy raigne are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tel-tale day,
The light shal shew charactered in thy brow,
The story of sweete chastities decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlocks vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned booke,
Will quote my lothsome trespasse in my lookes.

The nurse to stil her child wil tel my storie,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquins name,
The Orator to deck his oratorie,
Wil couple my reproch to Tarquins shame,
Feast-finding minstrels tuning my defame,
Wl tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me I COLLATINE.

Let my good name, that senselesse reputation,
For COLATINEs deare love be kept vnspotted:
If that be made a thame for a fiction,

THE RAPE

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
and bids her eyes hereafter still be blind,
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leape from thence, where it may finde
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
Framtrey with griefe thus breaths the forth her sighs
Against the vale and secretie of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of hell,
Dim register, and notarie of shame,
Black stage for tragedies, and murders fel,
Vain sin-concealing Chaos notarie of blame,
Blind muffled band, darke harbor for defame,
Grim caue of death, whispering conspirator,
With close-tong'd treason, and the rafter.

O hateful vapours and foggie night,
Since thou art guilty of my cutelisse crimes,
Muste thy myls to meeke the Easterne light,
Make warre against proportion'd course of time,
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
his wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Kait poisonous clouds about his golden head,

with rotten damps roush the morning ayre,
Let their exhal'd volubelome breaths make sick
the life of purity, the supreme faire,
Ere heauble his weaty moonside prick.
And let thy mystic vapours march so thick,
That in their smokeie ranks his mothered light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

Were Targu in night, as he is day, night's child,
The silver shining Queen he wou'd disdaine
Her sparkling haire and rosy by him deild
Thro' the night in black bolom should not peep againe,
So should I thus companion in my paine.

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OF LVCRECH.

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As Pilgrims chat whilst short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To crosse their armes and hang their heads with mine,
To make their browes and hide their infamie,
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showres of silver brine,
Mingling my talke with teares, my griefe with groanes
Poore wailing monuments of lasting moanes.

O night thou furnace of foule reeking smoke,
Let not the iealous day behold that face,
Which vnderneath thy black all-hiding cloke
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.
Keepe still possession of thy gloomie place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not obiect to the tel-tale day,
The light that shew charactred in thy brow,
The story of sweete chastities decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlocks vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned booke,
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The nurse to stil her child wil tel my storie,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquins name:
The Orator to deck his oratorie,
Will couple my reproch to Tarquins shame,
Feast-finding minstrels tunning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me I COLLATINE.

Let my good name, that fencelesse reputation,
For COLLATINEs deare losse be kept vnspotted:
If that be made a theme for discussion,

THE RAPE

The branches of another roote are rotted,
And vnderu'd reproch to him allotted,
Thar is as cleare from this attaint of mine
As Iere this was pure to COLATINA,

O vnseene shame, inuisible disgrace !
O vnfelt sore, crest-wounding priuate scarre:
Reproch is stamp't in COLLATINVS face,
And Tarquins eie may reade the more a tarre,
"How he in peace is wounded, not in warre,
Alas how many beare such shameful blowes,
Which not themselves but he that giues the knowes?

If Colatine, thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft:
My honie lost and I a Drone-like bee,
Hauing no perfection of my sommer left,
But robb'd and ransakt by iniurious theft.
In thy weake hue a wandring waspe hath crept,
And suckt the honie which thy chaste Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy honors wrack,
Yet for thy honor did I entertaine him,
Comming from thee I could not put him back:
For it had beene dishonor to disdain him,
Besides of wearinesse he did complaine him,
And talkt of vertue (O vnlookt for euil,)
When vertue is prophan'd in such a Diuel.

Why should the worme intrude the maiden bud;
Or hatefull Cuckowes hatch in Sparrowes nests?
Or rodes infect faire founts with venome mud?
Or tyrant Folly lurke in gentle breasts?
Or Kings be breakers of their owne behest?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollure.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,

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OF LVCRECE.

Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his creature to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he fits,
And vaine bames the harvest of his wits:
Hauing no other pleasure of his gaine
But torment, that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vse it,
And leaues it to be maistred by his yong,
Who in their pride do pretiously abuse it,
Their father was too weake, and they too strong
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we with for, turne to loathed sours,
Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Vnruely blasts waite: on the tender spring,
Vnwholsome weeds take roote with precious flowers,
The Adder hisself where the sweete birds sing,
What Vertue breeds, Iniquitie deuours:
We haue no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life, or els his quality.

O Opportunity, thy guilt is great,
Tis thou that execut'st the traitors treason:
Thou sets the Wolfe where he the lambe may get,
Who euer plots the sinne, thou points the season.
Tis thou that pursist at right, at law, at reason,
And in thy shady Cell where none may spie him,
Sits Sin to seaze the soules that wander by him.

Thou makest the Vestall vire her oth,
Thou blowest the fire when Temperance is thawd,
Thou smotherst honesty, thou murthrest truth,
Thou soule abbetts, thou notorious band:
Thou plamest scandal, and displacest laud.

Thou rauisher, thou traytor, thou false theefe,
Thy hony turnes to gall, thy ioy to griefe.

THE RAPE

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a publick fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormewood tast,
Thy violent vanities can neuer last.

How comes it then, vile opportunity
Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee.

When wilt thou be the humble supplicants friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained,
When wilt thou sort an houre great strifes to end,
Or free that soule, which wretchednesse hath chained?
Giue physick to the sick, ease to the pained?

The poore, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee
But they neere met with opportunity.

The Patient dies while the Phisitian sleeps,
The Orphane pines while the Oppressor feeds:
Iustice is feasting while the widowe weeps,
Adulc is sporting while infection breeds.
Thou graunt'st no time for charitable deeds.

Wrath, enuie, treason, rape, and murders rages
Thy hainous houres waite on them as their pages.

When Truth and Vertue haue to doo with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy helpe, but Sin neere giues a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art well paid
As well to heare, as graunt what he hath said.

My COLATINE would else haue come to thee
When Tarquin did, but he was staide by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder, and of theft,
Guilty of periuie, and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift,
Guilty of incest that abhorration,
An accessary by thine inclination

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To

OF LUCRECE.

to all finnes past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the generall doome.

Misshapen times copelmate of vgly night,
Swift subtile post, carrier of grievely care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sins pack-horse, vertues snare,
Thou nourishest all, and murdest all that are,

O heare me then, iniurions shifting time,
Be guiltie of my death since of my crime.

Why hath thy secret Opportunity
Betrayd the houres thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel my fortunes, and in chained me
To endlesse date of never-ending woes?
Times office is to fine the hate of foes,

To ease vp error by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowie of a lawfull bed.

Times glory is too calme contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the seale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right.

To ruinate proud buildings with thy boures,
And smeare with dust their glittering golden towers.

To fill with wormes holes stately monuments,
To feede oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings,
To dry the old oakes sappe, and cherish springs:
To spoile antiquities of hammered Steele,
And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To shew the belidame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tyrant that doth live by slaughter,

THE RAPE

To tame the Vnicorne, and Lyon wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguild,
To cheare the Plowman with intercalfull crops,
And waste huge stones with little water drops.

Why worldest thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Vnlesse thou couldst returne to make amends?
One poore retyring minute in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends, (back
O this dread night, wouldst thou one houre come
I could prevent this storme and stunn thy wracks.

Thou ceaselesse larkie to Eternity,
With some mishance crosse Tarquin in his flight
Deuile extreames beyond extremity.
To make him curse this curld crimefull night:
Let gastly shadowes his lewd eyes affright,
And the dute thought of his committred euill,
Shape euery bush a hideous shapelesse Diuell.

Disturbe his howres of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedred groines:
Let there bechance him pittifull mischances,
To make him more, but pite not his moest
Stone him with hardned hearts harder then stone,
and let mild women to him looke their mildnesse,
Wilder to him then Tygers in their wildnesse.

Let him haue time to reare his curld haire,
Let him haue time aginst himselfe to raue,
Let him haue time of times help to despair,
Let him haue time to liue a loathed slaue,
Let him haue time a beggers oris to craue,
and time to see one that by almes doth liue,
Didaine to him disdaind scraps to giue.

Let him haue time to see his friends his foes,

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OF LVCRECE.

And merrie fooles to mock at him resort:
Let him haue time to marke how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time offolly, and his time of sport.

and euer let his vncalling time
Haue time to waile th'abusing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill,
At his owne shadow let the theefe run mad,
Himselfe, himselfe seeke euery houre to kill,
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spil.

For who so base would such an office haue,
As slaunders deaths-man to so base a slaue?

the baser is he, coming from a King,
To shame his hope with de:ds degenera e,
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honourd, or begets him hates
For greatest scandall waits on greatest state.

The Moone being cloud:d, presently is mist,
But little starres may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,
and vnperceiurd fly with the filth away,
But if the like the know-white Swan desire,
The strine vpon his filuer Downe will stay.
Poore groomes are fight:full night-kings glorious day
Gnat are vnnoted whersoere they fly,
But Eagles gaz'd vpon with euery eye.

Our idle words, seruants to shallow fooles,
Vnprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,
Buse your feloes in skil contending schooles,
Debate where leasure serues with dull debators:
To trembling Clients be you mediators,
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

THE RAPE

In vaine I rayle at Opportunities
At time, at Tarquin, and vnwatchfull night,
In vaine I caull with mine insapie
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd despight,
This helplesse smoke of words doth me no right:
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my soule defiled blood.

Poore hand why quierst thou at this decree?
Honour thy selfe to rid me of this shame,
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,
But if I liue, thou hast in my defame.
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall Dame,
And wast affeard to scratch her wicked Fo,
Kill both thy selfe, and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperat instrument of death,
But this no slaughterhouse no toole imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through, her lips so vanisheth,
As smoke from Aetna, that in aire consumes,
Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes.

In vaine (quoth she) I liue, and seeke in vaine
Some happie meane to end a haplesse life:
I feard by Tarquins Fauchion to be slaine,
Yet for the selfesame purpose seeke a knife;
But when I feard, I was a loyall wife,
So am I now, & no that cannet be,
Of that true type hath Tarquin riled me.

O That is gone for which I sought to liue,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this spot by death (at least) I giue
a badge of Fame to skaunderers liuesie,
A dying life to liuing infamy.

Poore

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OF LVCRECE.

Poore helpless helpe, the treasure stolne away,
To burne the guiltlesse casket where it lay.

Well well deare Colatines thou shalt not know
The dayned tast of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard grasse shall neuer come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy share,
But thou shalt know thy intrest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolne from forth thy gate,
For me I am the mistresse of my fate,
And with my trespassse neuer will dispence,
Till life to death acquit my forst offence.

I will not poyson thee with my attaint,
Nor sold my fault in cleamy coyn'd excuses,
My fable ground of sinne I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night abuses.
My tongue shall vter all mine eyes like flukes,
As from a mountain spring that feedes a dale,
Shall gulth pure streames to purge my impure tale,

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
The well tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemne night with slow sad gate descended
To ogly Hell which loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to a'l faire eyes that light would borrow,
But cloudie LVCRECE shames ster false to see
And therefore still in night would cloistered.

Reuealing day through euery crannie spies,
And leemes to point her out where she sits weeping,
To whom the sebing speaks, O eye of eyes,

Why

THE RAPE

Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping
Mock with thy tickling beames, eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night!

Thus evils she with every thing she sees
True griefe is fond and testie as a childe,
Who way ward once, his mood with nought agrees,
Old woes, not infant sorrowes beare them mild,
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,
Like an vnpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she deepe drenched in a Sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she viewes,
and to her selfe all sorrow doth compare,
No object but her passions strength renewes,
and as one shifts, another straight influes,
Sometimes her griefe is dumbe and hath no words,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

The little birds that mune their mornings ioy,
Make her munes mad with thair sweet melodie,
For mirth doth searce the bonome of annoy,
Sad soules are saine in merry company,
Griefe best is pleas'd with griefe societie!
True sorrow then is feelingly suffiz'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,
He ten times pines, that pines beholding too,
To see the salve doth make the wound ake more,
Great griefe grieues most at that would do it good,
Deepe woes roule forward like a gentle flood,
Who being stoppt, the bounding banks overflow,
Griefe dallied with, not law, nor limitt knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intombe
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OF LVCRECE.

Within your hollow swelling featured breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
My restless discord loues no stops nor rests:
A wefull hostesse brooks not merry guests.

Ralish your nimble notes to pleasing eares,
Distresse likes dumps when time is kept with teares.

Come Philomele that singst of rauishment,
Make thy sad grone in my disheld heare,
As the danke earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad straine, will straine a teare,
and with deepe grones the Diapason beare.

For burthen-wise Ile hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Iereus descants better skill.

and whiles against a thorne thou bearest thy part,
To keepe thy sharpe woes waking wretched,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eyes
Who if it winke, shall thereon fall and die.

These meanes as frets vpon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment,

And for poore bird thou singst not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold:
Some darke deepe desert feared from the way,
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold
Wil we find out: and there we wil vnfold

To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds
since men proue beasts, let beasts beare gentle minds

As the poore frighted Deere that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to By,
Or one incompass with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way our readily:
So with her life is she in muinie,

To liue or die which of the twaine were better

When

THE RAPE

When life is sham'd and death reproches down.

To kill my selfe quoth she, alack what were it,
But with my body my poore soules pollution?
They that looke halfe with greater patience beare it,
Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
Thar mother tries a mercilesse conclusion,
Who hauing two sweete babes, when death takes one
Wil slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soule which was the dearest
When the one pure, the other made diuine,
Whose loue of either to my selfe was nearest?
When both were kept for Heaven and Colatine
Ay me, the barker pild from the lostic pine,
His leaues wil wither, and his sap decay
So must my soule, her bark being pild away.

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batterd by the enemye,
Her sacred temple spotted, spoyld corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamie.
Then let it not be cald impietie,
If in this blamish fort I make some hole;
Through which I may conuay this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not, till my Colatine
Haue heard the cause of my vtterly death,
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
Reuenge on him that made me stop my breath,
My stayned bloud to Tarquin Ile bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

My Honor Ile bequeath vnto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonored,
Tis Honor to deprime dishonord life,
The one wil liue, the other being dead.

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OF LVCRECE.

So of shame & athes shall my Fame be bred,
For in my death I murder shamefull scorne,
My shame to dead, my honor is new borne.

Deare Lord of that deare iewel I haue lost
What legacie shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, loue, shall be thy best,
By whose example thou reueng'd mayst be.
How Tarquin must be v'd, read it in me,
My selfe thy friends wil kill my selfe thy foe,
And for my selfe teue thou take Tarquin so,

This briefe abridgment of my will I make,
My soule and body to the Skies and ground
My resolution (husband) do you take,
Mine Honor be the knife, that makes my wound,
My shame be his that did my fame confound:
And all my fame that liues, abused be
To those that liue and thinke no shame of me.

Then Colatine shalt oversee this will,
How was I overseene that thou shalt see it?
My blood shall wash this blunder of mine ill?
My lifes foule deed my lifes faire end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say so to it.
Yeeld to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee.
Thou dead, both, die, and both shalt victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid
And wipt the brinish pearle from her bright eyes,
With vtur'd tongue she honestly cald her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistresse hies
For fleet wingd dutie with thought, feathers flies
Poore Lucrece cheekes vnto her maid seeme so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistresse she doth giue demure good morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true markes of modesty,

THE RAPE

And forso a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,
(For why her face wore sorrowes livery.)
But durst not aske of her audaciously,
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her faire cheeks ouer washt with woe.

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being set,
Each flowre moistned like a melting eye:
Euen to the maid with swelling drops gan wee
Her circled eyn infore'd by lympanie
Of those faire Suns set in her mistresse skie,
Who in a salt wan'd Ocean quench their light,
Which makes the mayd weepe like the dewy night.

A prettie while these pretty creatures stand
Like iuory conduits of all cesterne filling
One lustily weepe, the other takes in hand
No cause, but company of her drops spilling.
Their genile sex to weepe are often willing,
Grieving themselves to gesse at others smart,
And then they drowne their cies, or breake their hart.

For men haue marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake oppress, th'impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe shall be account'd euil,
Wherin is stamp't the semblance of a diuel.

Their smoothesse like a goodly champagne plaine,
Layes open all the little wotmes that creepe,
In men as in a rough growne groue remaine
Cause-keeping euils that obscurely sleepe.
Through chrystall walles ech little mote will peepe,
Though men can couer crimes with bold stern looks
Poore womans faces are their owne faults bookes.

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OF LVCRECH.

No man inuicth against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuoure
Is worthy blame, & let it not be hild
Poore womens fautes, that they are so fulfild
With mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,
Make weake-made women tenants to their shame.

The pccident whereof in LVCRECH view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might insue,
By that her death to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong:
Thy dying feare through all her body spread
and who cannot abate a body dead?

By this mild patience bid faire LVCRECH speake
To the poore counterfeit of her complayning.
My gile, quoth she on what occasion breake
Those teares from thee, that downe thy cheeks are rai-
If thou dost weepe for griefe of my lustayning. (ning
Know gentle wench, it small amayles my mood,
If teares could helpe, mine owne would do me good.

But tell me gile, when went, and there she said,
Til after a deepe grone) Tarquin from hence?
Madam ere I was vp (replid the maid,)
The more to blame my sluggard negligence,
Yet with the fault I thus farre can dispence.
My selfe was stirring ere the breake of day,
And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

But Lady, if your mayd may be so bold,
She would request to know your heauiesse;
O peace (quoth LVCRECH) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it lesse:
For more it is then I can well expresse.

THE RAPE

And that deepe torture may be cald a Hell,
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get me hither paper, inke and pen,
Yet save that labour, for I have them heere,
(What should I say) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be ready by and by, to beare
A Letter to my Lord, my loue my deare,
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
The cause craves hast, and it wil soone be writ.

Her maide is gone and she prepares to write,
First howering ore the paper with her quill,
Concept and Griefe an eger combat fight,
What wit sets downe is blotted stil, with Will.
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill.

Much like a prease of people at a dore,
Throng her inuentions which shal go before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthy Lord
Of that vn worthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person, new vouchsaf't affoord
(If ever Loue, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visite me:
So I commend me from our house in brieft,
My woes are tedious, though my words are brieft.

Here folds she vp the tenure of her woe,
Her certaine sorrow writ vncertainly,
By this short tedious Colatine may know
Her griefe, but not her griefs true qualitie
She dares not thereof make discovery,

Least he should hold it her owne grosse abuse,
Ere she with blond had staine her staine excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
Shelwoods friend, when he is by to heare her,
When sighs and groanes, & teares may grace the fashion
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OF LVCRECE.

Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her
From that suspition which the world might beare her.
To thin this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, til action might become them better.

To see sad sights moues more then heare them told,
For then the eye interprets to the eare,
The heauy motion that it doth behold,
When euery part a part of wee doth beare.
Tis but a part of sorrow that we beare,
Deepe sounds make lesse noise then shallow fords
And sorrow ebs being blowne with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
At Ardea to my Lord with more then hast
The Post attends and the deliuers it,
Charging the soure. fac'd groom to high as fast
As lagging foules before the Northren blast.
Speede more then speed, but dul & slow the deems,
Extremity stil vrgeth such extremes.

The homely villaine curses to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast eie,
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forthwith bashfull innocence doth lie.
But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,
Imagine euery eye behold their blame,
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When silly Groom (God wot) it was defect
Of spirit, life and bold audacitie,
Such harmelesse creatures haue a true respect
To talke in deeds, while others launcely
Promise more speede, but doe it leasurely.
Euen so this patterne of the womes our age,
Paw'd honest lookes, but laid no words to gage.
His kindled dutie kindled her mistrust,

THE RAPE

That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
 She thought he blusht, as knowing Tarquins lust,
 And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed,
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he returne againe,
 And yet the duteous vailall scarce is gone,
 The weary time she cannot entertaine,
 For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,
 So wo hath wearied woe, more tyred more,
 That she her plaints a litle while doth stay,
 Pawling for means to mourne some newer way.

At last she calls to minde where hangs a peece
 Of skilfull painting, made for Priams Troy,
 Before the which is drawne the power of Greece,
 For Hellens rape the citie to destroy:
 Threatning cloud kissing Illion with annoy,
 Which the conceived Painter drew so proud,
 As heaven (it seemd) to kisse the turrets bowd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of Nature, Arte gave luselesse life,
 Many a dire drop second a weeping teare,
 Shed for the slaughtered husband by the wife.
 The red blood reekd to shew the painters strife,
 And dying eyes gleemd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring Pyoner
 Begrimd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,
 And from the towres of Troy there would appeare
 The verie eies of men through loope holes thrust,
 Gazing vpon the Greekes with little lust,
 Such sweet obseruance in this worke vvas had,

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OF LVCRECE.

That one might see these farre off eies looke sad.

In great commanders, Grace and Maiestie
You might behold triumphing in their faces,
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.
Which hartlesse peasants did so wel resemble,
That one would sweare he saw them quake & tremble.

In Aiax and Vlysses, O what Arre
Of Phisognomy might one behold!
The face of either ciphers'd eithers heart,
Their face, their manners most expresly told.
In Aiax eies blunke rage and rigor told.
But the mild glance that slie Vlysses lent,
Shew'd deepe regard and smiling gouernment.

There pleading might you see graue Nestor stand
As'twere incouraging the Greekes, to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight,
In speech it seem'd his beard, all siluer white,
Wag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie
Thin winding breath, which purld vp to the skie.

About him were a preale of gaping faces
Which seem'd to swallow vp his sound aduise:
All ioyntly listning, but with seuerall graces,
As if some Marmaid did their eares intuse,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nise.
The scalpes of many almost hid behind,
To iump vp higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head.
His nose being shadowed by his neighbours eare,
Here one being throngd bears backe al boln and red,
another smotherd, seemes to pelt and sweare,

D

and

THE RAPE

And in their rage such signes of rage they beare,
As but for losse of Nestors golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginarie worke was there,
Concept deceitful, so compact so kind,
That for Achilles image stood his speare
Gript in an armed hand, himselfe behind
Was left vnseene, saue to the eye of minde,
A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged Troy,
When their braue hope, bold Hector march'd to field,
Stood many Troiane mothers sharing ioy,
To see their youthful sonnes bright weapons wield,
And to their hope they such odde action yield,
That through their light ioy seemed to appeare,
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heauie feare.

and from the strand of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waues to imitate the battel sought
With swelling ridges, and their ranks began
to breake vpon the galled shore, and than
Retire againe, till meeting greater ranks
They ioyne, and shoot their some at Simois banks.

To this wel painted peece is Lychenes come,
To find a face where all distresse is field,
Many the soes, where cares haue carued some,
But none where all distresse and dolour dweld,
Till the despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priams wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding vnder Pirrhus proud foot lies.
In her the Painter had anathemiz'd
Times ruine, Beauties wrack, and grim Cares raigne,

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OF LUCRECE.

Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguis'd,
Of what she was, no semblance did remaine
Her blew bloud chang'd to black in euery vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed
Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow L V C R E C E spends her eyes,
And shapeth her sorrow to the Beldames woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
and bitter words to ban her cruell foes.
The Painter was no God to lend her those,
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To giue her so much grieve, and not a tong.

Poore instrument (quoth she) without a sound,
He tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balme in Priams painted wound,
and raile on Pirthus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long:
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks, that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this sturre,
That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:
thy heat of lust, fond Paris did incurre
this lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here.
And here in Troy for trespasse of thine eye,
the Sire the Son, the Dame and Daughter die,

Why should the priuate pleasure of some one
Become the publick plague of many more?
Let sinne alone committed, light alone
Vpon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guiltie woes.
For ones offence why should so many fall?
To plague a priuate sinne in generall.

THE RAPE

To here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus founds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channell lies
And friend to friend gives vnaduis'd wounds,
And one mans lust these many liues confounds.
Had doting Priam checkt his sonnes desire,
Troy had bin bright with Fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troyes painted woes,
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his owne waight goes,
Then little strength rings out the doleful knells
So L V C R E S set a worke, sad tales doth tell
To penfeld pensiuensse, & colour'd sorrow, (row.
She lends them words, and she their looks doth bor.

She throwes her eies about the painted round,
And who she finds forlorne she doth lament,
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
that piteous lookes to Phrygian shepheards lent,
His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,
Onward to troy with the blunt swaines he goes.
So mild, that patience seemd to scorne his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and giue the harmelesse show
An humble gate, calme lookes, eies wayting still,
A brow vnbeut that seem'd to welcome wo,
Cheekes, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
That blushing red, no guilty instance gaue,
Nor as his pale, the feare that false harts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed Disell,
He entertaind a show so seeming iust,
And therein to ensoone't this secret euil,
that Icalousie it selfe could not mistrust,
False creeping craft and Periuie should thrust

OF LVCRECE.

Into so bright a day, such blackfac'd stormes,
Or blot with hel-borne sin such saint-like forma.

the well skild workman this mild Image drew
For periur'd Sinon, whose inchaunting storie
The credulous old Priam after slew.
Whole words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie
Of rich built Illion, that the skies were sorie,
and little starres shot from their fixed places,
When their glasse fell wherein they viewd their faces.

This picture she aduicely perusd,
and chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
Saying, some shape in Sinons was abusd,
So faire a forme lodgd not a mind so ill,
and still on him she gazd, and gazing stil,
Such signes of truth in his plaine face she spied,
That she concluds, the picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
(She would haue said) can lurke in such a looke:
But Tarquin's shape, came in her mind the while,
and from her tongue, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, she in that sense forooke,
and merr'd it thus; it cannot be I find,
But such a face should beare a wicked minde.

For euen as subtil Sinon here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary and so milde
(As if with griefe or transile he had fainted.)
To me came Tarquin armed to beguild
With outward hebestie, but yet desid
With inward vice as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin, so my Troy did perish.

Looke, looke how listning Priam wets his eies
To see those borrowed teares that Sinon theeds.
Priam why art thou old, and yet not wile?

THE RAPE

For every teare he fals a Trojan bleed:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,
Those round cleare pearles of his that moue thy pity
Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Citie,

Such Diuels steale effects from lightlesse hell,
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
These contraries such vnicie do hold,
Only to flatter fowles and make them bold,
So Priams trust fals Sinons teares doth flatter
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here all inrag'd such passion her assailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast,
She teares the sencelesse Sinon with her nailes,
Compairing him to that vnhappy guest,
Whose deede hath made her selfe, her selfe detest,
At last she smilingly with this giues ore,
Foole foole, quoth she: his wounds will not bee sore.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complainning,
She lookes for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time se comes long, in sorrows sharp sustayning:
Though we be hesue, yet it seldome, sleeps,
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath ouerslpt her thought,
That she with painted Images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her owne griefe brought,
By deepe surmise of others detrimēt,
Looing her woes in shewes of discontent:
It ealeth some, though none it euer cured,
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger comes backe,

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OF LVCRECE.

Brings home his Lord and other company,
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black,
And round about her teare distained-eye
Blew circles stream'd like Rainbowes in the skie.
These watergals in her dim element,
Foretell new stormes to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eies though sod in teares look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kild with deadly cares,
He hath no power to aske her how she faires.
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondring ech others chaunce.

at last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand:
and thus begins; what vncouth ill euent
hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet loue, what spite hath thy faire colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Vnmask deare deare, this moodie heauinesse,
And tell thy griefe, that we may giue redresse.

Three times with sighs she giues her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length addrest to answere his desire,
She modestly prepares, to let them knowe
Her Honor is tane prisoner by the Foe.
While COLATINA and his comforted Lords
With sad attention long to heare her wordes.

And now this pale Swan in her watric nest
Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,
Few words (quoth thee) shall fit the trespasse best,
Wherein no excuse can giue thee fault attending
In me more woes then words are now depending
and my laments would be drawne out to long,

To

THE RAPE

To tell them all with one poore tired tongue.

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,
Deare husband in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou was wont to rest thy wearie head,
and what wrong else may be imagined,

By foule inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy L V C I A is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke mid night,
With shining Fauchion in thy chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cryed, awake thou Roman Dame,
and intertaine my loue, else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I wil insist,
If thou my loutes desire do contradict.

For some hard fauor'd groome of thine, quoth he,
Vnlesse thou yoake thy liking to my will,
Ile murder straight, and then Ile slaughter thee,
and sweare I found you where you did fulfill
The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill
The Leachers in their deed, this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetuall intamic.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
and then against my heart he sets his sword
Swearing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,
I should not liue to speake another word.
So should my shame still rest vpon record.
and neuer be forgot in mightie Rome
Thadulterat death of L V C I A & her groome.

Mine enemy was strong, my poore selfe weak,
(and farre the weaker with so strong a feare)
My bloudie Iudge forbad my tongue to speake,
No rightfull plea might plead for Iustice there.

His

OF LVCRECE

his scarlet lust came euidence to sweare,
That my poore beaurie had purloin'd his eies,
And when the Iudge is rob'd the prisoner dies,

O teach me how to make mine owne excuse,
Or (at the least) this refuge let me find,
Though my grosse bloud be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my minde,
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclin'd
To accessarie yeeldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet indure.

Lo here the hopelesse Marchant of this losse,
With head inclin'd and voice dam'd vp with wo,
With sad set eies and wretched armes a crosse,
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answere so.
But wretched as he is he strives in vaine,
What he breaths out, his breath drinks vp againe,

As through an Arch, the violent roaring Tide,
Outruns the eye that doth behold his hast:
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
Back to the strait that forst him on so fast:
In rage sent out, recald in rage being past,
Euen so his sighs, his sorrows make a law,
To push griefe on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechlesse woe of his poore she attendeth,
And his yntimely frenzie thus awaketh,
Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no floud by raining slaketh,
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling painful, let it then suffice
To drowne one woe, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me,

THE RAPE

Be sodainly reuenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his owne, suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die.
For sparing Iustice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth she
(Speaking to those that came with *COLLATINA*)
Shal plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuie to venge this wrong of mine,
For tis a meritorious faire designe,
To chase Iniustice with reuengeful armes, (harms.
Knights by their oaths should right poore Ladies

At this request, with noble disposition,
Each present Lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to heare the hatefull foe bewraid,
But she that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops, O (speake quoth she,
How may this forced staine be wipt from me?

What is the quality of mine offence
Being constrain'd with dreadfull circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foule act dispence
My low declined honour to aduance?
May any termes acquit me from this chance?
The poysoned tountaine clears it selfe againe
And why not I from this compelled staine?

With this they all at once began to say,
Her bodies staine, her mind vntainted clears,
While with a ioylesse smile, she turnes away
The face, that map with deepe impression beares
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with teares.
No no, quoth she, no Dame hereafter liuing,
By my excuse shall claime excuses giuing.

Here

OF LUCRECE.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would breake,
 She throwes forth Tarquins name: he he, she saies
 But more then he, her poore tongue would not speake.
 Till after many accents and delaies,
 Vnlimely breathings, sick and short assaies,
 She vnters this he he, faire Lord tis he
 That guidis this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here sheathed in her harmlesse breast
 A harmefull knife, that thence her soule vntheathed,
 That blow did boyle it from the deepe vnrest
 Of that polluted paison where it breathed
 Her contrite sighs vnto the clouds bequeathed,
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth flye
 Lifes lasting date from cancel'd destinie.

Stone stil, adonist with this deadly deede.
 Stood Colatine and all his Lordly crue,
 Till Lucrece father that beholds her bleed,
 himselfe, on her selfe slaughtred body threw,
 And from the purple fountaine Brutus drew,
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
 her blood in poore reuenge, held it in chase.

And bubbling from her breast, it doth deuide
 In two slow triuers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on euery side,
 Who like a late sackt lland vasily stood
 Bare and vnpeopled in this fearfull flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd
 And some lookt black, & that false Tarquin sham'd.

About the morning and congealed face
 Of that black blood, a watry rigoll goes,
 Which seemes to weepe vpon the tainted place;
 And ever since as pining Lucrece wees,
 Corrupted blood some watry token shewes,

And

THE RAPE

And bloud vntainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here deprived,
If in the child the fathers image lies,
Where shall I liue now Lucrece is vnliued?
Whom was not to this end from me deriued.

If children prædecease progenitours,
We are the ir offspring and they none of ours.

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold
In thy sweete semblance, my old age new borne,
But now that faire fresh mirrour dum and old,
Shewes me a barebon'd death by time out-worne,
O from my cheeks my image thou hast torne,
And shuerd all the beautie from my glasse,
that I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and hast no longer,
If thou surcease to be that should suruiue;
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leaue the foultring feeble soules a liue;
the old Bees die, the yong possesse their hieue,
then liue sweet Lucrece, liue againe and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts COLLATINES from a dreame,
And bids Lucretius giue his sorrow place,
And then in Key-cold Lucrece bleeding streame
He fells, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
And count'rfeits to die with her a space.

Til manly shame bids him possesse his breath,
And liue to be reuenged on her death.

The deepe vexation of his inward soule,
Meth seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his tongue,
Who made that sorrow should his vse controle.

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OF LVCRECE.

Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick comes in his poore harts aid
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plaine,
 But through his teeth as if his name he tore,
 This windie tempest till it blow vp raine,
 Held back his sorrowes tide to make it more.
 At last it raines, and busie winds giue ore:
 Then sonne and father weepe with equall strife,
 Who should weepe most for daughter or for wife,

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.
 The father saies she's mine, O mine she is
 Replies her husband, do not take away
 My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say
 He weeps for her for she was only mine,
 And onely must be waild by COLATINE,

O, quoth Lucretius, I did giue that life
 Which she too early and too late hath spild.
 Woe woe, quoth Colatine, she was my wife.
 I owed her, and tis mine that she hath kild.
 My daughter and my wife with clamors filld
 The disperst aire, who holding Lucrece life,
 Answerd their cries, my daughter and my wife,

Brutus who pluckt the knife from Lucrece side
 Seeing such emulation in ther woe,
 Began to cleath his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece wound his follies shew.
 He with the Romains was esteemed so
 As felie ierring idiots are with kings,
 For sportiue words, and vttering foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,

Or

THE RAPE

Wherein deepe pollicy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long hid wits aduisedly,
To check the teares in Colatins eyes,
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he arise,
Let my vnfounde selfe suppose a foole,
Now let thy long experience wit to schoole,

Why Colatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds helpe wounds, origines helpe grieuous
Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow (deeds
For his soule A&T, by whome thy faire wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weake minds proceeds,
Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,
To slaine her selfe that should haue slaine her Foe

Couragions Romeane do not sleepe thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But karele with me and helpe to beare thy part,
To rouse our Roman Gods with innovations,
That they wil suffer these abhominations,
(Since Rome her selfe in them doth stand disgraced
By our strong arms fro forth her faire streets chased.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so vniuistly stained,
By heauens faire sun that breeds the fat earths store
By all our country rites in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece soule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloody knife,
We will reuenge the death of this true wife,

This said, he stroke his hand vpon his breast,
And kist the fatal knife to end his vow:
and to his protestation vrg'd the rest,
Who wondring at him did his words allow:
Then ioynly to the ground their knees they bow.
and that deepe vow which Brutus made before

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OF LVCRECE.

Me doth againe repeat, and that they swore.
When they had sworne to this aduised doome,
They did conclude to beare dead LVCANCA thence
To shew the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquins faule offence;
Which being done, with speedy diligence
The Romans plausibly did giue content,
To Tarquins euermlasting banishment.

FINIS.

